

BRETONNET MISSION SLAIN BY RABAH.

Paris, Dec. 9.—Reports are arriving almost daily from the Soudan of the deeds of cruelty of the "terrible Rabah" and his army. The latest outrage is the destruction of the Bretonnet Mission, and grave fears are entertained for the safety of the Mission of Fourcau-Lamy.

Rumors that this third mission, like its predecessors, has incurred the displeasure of Rabah, the slave King, and is only waiting for his remorseless hand to strike have been freely circulated.

The French people have just awakened to

the utter recklessness of sending out these expeditions, now that it is too late. Opinion is divided as to what course the Government should pursue in regard to affairs in Africa.

Rabah, the King of the large territory about Lake Tchad, four years ago was a slave owned by Zobeir Pasha, of Darfur. He ran away from his master and went south 500 miles to Cutil, where he overcame in single combat the Sultan of Cutil, who was thenceforth his vassal. After two years he went to Logon, at the head of a small body of troops, whom he had armed with Winchester and Martini rifles. He attacked Ashem's leading general, Mo-

hammed Tahen, at Jilly and defeated him, utterly exterminating the 12,000 troops which Ashem had sent against him. Ashem assembled an army of 50,000 men but in the bloody battle which occurred near Kuka the Sultan was defeated.

Rabah's victorious arms attracted many strangers and he marched in triumph to Kuka. Klari, a nephew of Ashem, assumed the title of his uncle, and after gathering an army of 50,000 men advanced against Rabah. Rabah met him at Duchi with only 3,000 picked troops. In the first encounter Rabah was driven back, but during the night he rallied his broken troops, and attacking Klari unexpectedly in the early morning, put his army to flight and captured Klari, whom he summarily beheaded. Since that time he has reigned as undisputed monarch over the country. His subjects look upon him as a god.

MOOR REALLY SLEW HIS DESDEMONA.

Italian Actor Took Tragic Vengeance on Suspected Wife.

KILLED HER ON STAGE.

Jealous of a Fellow Player, He Made Mock Murder a Reality.

Rome, Dec. 9.—One of the most startling and tragic happenings ever enacted on a stage was the deliberate murder last night at the Theatre Civili, in the city of Montevideo, of the leading woman in the play by her husband, the leading man. Oddly enough, the stage representation was that of "Othello," and in the mad drama of reality that closed what was at first supposed to be a mock show of passion, the incentive was jealousy, the victim Desdemona and the avenger the Black Moor of Venice.

There was gathered a large and brilliant audience in the handsome auditorium of the Theatre Civili. The attraction was Gian Lorenzo and his wife Aurelia, widely known actors, who played the Moor and Desdemona. The play had proceeded to the last act, wherein Othello, his barbaric blood in a fury of jealous rage, smothered the innocent object of his suspicions.

In the heart of the Othello of the night there was raging all of the jealousy that shook the spirit of the man whose deed of violence he was about to portray. Lorenzo, tall and powerful, every inch the fierce, dark-skinned lover and husband of the fair Desdemona, as drawn by the immortal dramatist, had, it was revealed later, been long suspicious of his wife's fidelity, believing that she had given to a handsome member of the company the affections that should have been only for her husband.

In the interval before the final act Lorenzo discovered his Desdemona in whispered conversation in the wings with the actor he thought was robbing him of her love. He said nothing, but evidently concluded to avenge himself upon the woman at least.

His anger when he accused Desdemona was splendid, and the audience applauded with enthusiasm. Never had there been a more truthful portrayal of the ugly human passion than this, and when, finally, the Black Moor threw himself upon his wife and hid her head under the fatal pillow, realism on the stage had surely reached its highest pitch.

The curtain went down amid a tumult of applause. When the actor left the side of his wife she did not move. Soon the stage manager, wondering what could have happened, stepped to the side of the prostrate actress and lifted from her face the pillow.

She was dead. She had been smothered and also strangled. There was horror behind the scenes. Lorenzo did not run away and was taken by the police. He accepted the awful situation coolly, appearing glad that he had had so fine a vengeance. The whole city was shocked this morning to learn the fate of the beautiful Desdemona of the night before. It was the first occurrence of the kind in the history of the stage in this country.

MOTOR WEDDINGS ARE NOW A PARIS FAD.

Bride and Groom Lead Troop of Automobiles in Decorated Car to the Church.

Paris, Dec. 9.—The very latest fad in Parisian society is the motor wedding. The custom of driving to the church where the marriage ceremony is to be performed in automobiles, though inaugurated only a month ago, has apparently come to stay, and a motor wedding is one of the leading conditions upon which the young women of the swell set will entertain a proposal of marriage.

The first of these weddings was given at the Church Saint Germain l'Auxerrois early in November. The bridal car, gayly decorated in white and gold, and covered with flowers, driven by the bridegroom himself, led the procession, followed by the wedding party in about twenty motor cars of the very newest design. The cars were driven at a rapid rate through all the principal streets, and drew up with a loud salute of whistles at the church door.

After the ceremony the bride and groom escaped through a side door and regained their car before the guests were aware of their departure. As soon as it became known that they had left the church there was a rush for the cars, and all started in pursuit of the newly married pair. The inmates of the swiftest car soon overtook the car of the bride and peeped in with rice and flowers. As the others drew up all joined in the merry-making, and a large crowd of pedestrians applauded the attack. As soon as the supply of flowers was exhausted the cars started off again in procession, playing popular airs on the whistles of the different cars.

ENGLAND LOSES A REMARKABLE WOMAN.

She Lived Through Many Stirring Times, and Could Remember with Distinctness Napoleon's Campaigns.

London, Dec. 9.—Lady Mabella Knox, who has just died at Bath, was a remarkable woman. She was the youngest daughter of the first Earl of Kilmorey, and widow of the Hon. Henry Knox, who was a son of Orlando, first Earl of Ranfurly. Until the last day of her life she retained vivid recollections of persons and events that have long since passed into the domain of history, and as she possessed all the vivacity and mirth of an Irish woman of the old school, full of wit and bright repartee, her conversation was a treat which those who had the pleasure of her acquaintance will never forget.

She remembered well the rejoicings which took place in Lord Kilmorey's Park when she was about eight years of age, to celebrate the jubilee of George the Third, and she was present at the coronation of George the Fourth. Lady Mabella Knox recalled the Russian campaign of Napoleon in 1812, the excitement caused by the burning of Moscow, and the news of the battle of Smolensk, at which her future husband carried the colors of the Scots Fusilier Guards. Among social events she had a vivid recollection of a children's party given by the Prince Regent at Carlton House for the Princess Charlotte, at which Lady Mabella was present, in her sixteenth year. In 1822 she married the Hon. Henry Knox, and her married life extended to fifty years exactly, for she became a widow in 1872.

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